

Bloody Mage

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Summary: Natsu Dragneel never liked a girl - ever. Now is when that may change.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Hey everyone ! Yes, I'm aware that I haven't been posting and I missed the chance to return before Fairy Tail Zero. I'm an idiot that is too insecure to post ideas I come up with. I have like a trillion documents I haven't even finished three paragraphs on. I'm not even that popular, so why am I apologizing ? Anyway, let's begin. This is Natsu's POV by the way.\*\***

I've never been a guy to like girls. It's not my personality. I've always hated hugs, kisses, or anything romantic. Look, I'm not some huge, lowlife, insecure geek, I just don't want to waste my time on love and relationships and crap. Why am I talking about this? Cuz tomorrow is my first day of high school at the classiest private school in the kingdom - Magnolia Hall. You get ranked from a Class A student to a Class F student - I'm in Class A. My older brother Zeref told me all the school's most beautiful girls are in Class A. Personally, I want nothing to do with girls. They "steal your heart" or "take your breath away," and when they meet that guy that's slightly better looking than you, has better grades, or more money, the relationship ends faster than the snap of a finger. That's why I never plan on getting married. I'll be single forever and never have any kids, I'll get a small job for little pay, and pay for my house (that will include nobody but me). Huhâ€¦ Well looks like it's bedtimeâ€¦|

I woke up early on Monday, getting myself ready for my first day at Magnolia Hall. I brushed my teeth for eight minutes, put on a collared shirt and sweater vest, and loafers. Loafers. For the first time in my life, I was wearing loafers. I slicked back my hair and combed it so no pieces were sticking up. Yes, I was going a bit overboard. But I was going to a huge private school. No, I wasn't

doing it for the girls. I was doing it for my reputation at a new school. High school. It either makes you, or breaks you. I don't want to be popular at my new school. At my old school, I was popular with all the girls because of my somewhat good looks, sweet-ish personality, and excellent grades. I've never had any girls that I liked, although I've had a lot of girls ask me out. I'm not letting any girls get in the way of my life so I turned them all down. Anyway, here's how my day went...

I walked to school, about half a mile, and went to the hallway. That's where you get separated into your academic groups. All the kids in Class F and Class D were dressed in ripped jeans and T-shirts with skeletons on them. Class C and Class B were dressed in somewhat fancy attire, with white or pink button-up shirts and jeans. Class A boys were all dressed like me. The Class A girls all were wearing uniform shirts with bows tied above their breasts to keep the shirt on. They each had short skirts on, with kneehigh socks, colored either white, black, pink, or beige. They also each had a headband on, and their faces were fully made-up. They all looked the same to me. Each individual girl looked like the other. It seemed as though the previously knew each other and had planned the whole thing out - unless it was just some insane coincidence, which honestly, I found hard to believe. Not gonna lie, they each were absolutely stunning. They all had luminescent eyes that were colors like blue, brown, green, red, purple, pink, orange, and black. I found all fifteen girls beautiful, but decided to stay put. I don't like girls.

Eventually, it was time for class. We all walked in step - which also had to be a coincidence because I was pretty sure it was high school, not boot camp. Every student was able to pick their seat. I sat in the back, where it's hard for you to be noticed. Soon, everyone had picked a seat - except for one person. Of course, it had to be a girl, and the only seat left was the one next to me. I smiled and motioned her over. Her name was Lucy. She was a prodigy at her old school, as she was the only one in her school that made it in. She was beautiful - long blond hair reaching in length to the back of her knees, and wide brown eyes that were so difficult not to stare into. When she spoke to me, I listened to her, as her words rocked me like a lullaby. She had a difficult life too. Her mother died when she was young, and her father only cared about money. My father left me. I didn't even know my mother. Lucy has an older brother named Sting, who was best friends with my brother Zeref when they came to this school. Which honestly was pretty cool because I started to think I was falling in love with her. \*\*Wait.\*\* I take that back. She was stunning, but I couldn't have been falling in love for the first time that quickly.

Once class started, I felt like myself again. The flow of my thinking of solving mathematical equations made me feel like myself. I hate gushy stuff. I like my good grades and my skills for writing and doing mathematics. Nothing more, nothing less. Lucy Heartfilia will never be my girlfriend. Ever. And no other girl will either.

I walked home, and on my way I stopped at the hot dog shop I went to as a child every day after school. It always smelled of grease and ketchup, which was one of the things I always loved most. As I walked in, I realized it looked exactly the same. Ben, the man that knew me since I was five, was on the grill. He had a special secret to making his hot dogs. I never cared what it was, I was just satisfied. I

walked up to him and waved. He smiled very wide as he handed me a hot dog off the grill, which he gave me for free. We had a small chat about the past few years and I left to go home.

I walked the half a mile back to my house. I walked through the door, throwing my bag down and taking my fancy shoes off. I lay down on the couch, staring up at the ceiling. At first I was thinking about all the girls that I saw in my class today. But then my mind shifted off to Lucy's adorable smile. \*\*No. I did not just use the word adorable in a sentence. \*\*I mean, she's cute and stuff. But I'm Natsu Dragneel! I don't like girls. It's just my personality. Soon enoughâ€¦| My eyes moved up and down, like very slow blinkingâ€¦|

## 2. Chapter 2

When I woke up the next morning, I decided it was okay that I wasn't dressed all fancy. I left my hair in its normal spikes, and wore a black polo shirt and jeans. Instead of loafers, I wore black Vans. I walked to the store around the corner from my apartment and bought a bagel with butter and coffee. I walked into school early so I could find out what we were learning that day. Algebra. I don't hate itâ€¦| However, it isn't exactly my favorite. Once class started, our teacher told us to do the problems she had previously prepared. I did get to school early, but I didn't cheat and start before I was supposed to. I was the first student to complete the problems, followed by Lucy, Haru, and Yuuka. The only students I admire are those three. They're all smart, and they are a lot like me.

Basically, we did all our first through sixth period classes, and then went to lunch.

I sat with Lucy at lunch. She told me her mother had a poisonous lotus in her chest instead of a heart. "One day the poison leaked into her veins," she said, "and it killed her instantly." I was listening to her story for the entire lunch hour. It did almost make me cry a few times. How could such a cute girl be treated so badly? I figured it'd be rude to ask so I didn't.

After lunch, all the students returned to class, laughing at stories or jokes they had been told. I was sulking, thinking about Lucy's words. I don't understand how she hasn't killed herself already, because I sure would've. Well, during that last three periods we had free time to ourselves, which was good because I had a ton of homework that I wanted to get done. While other students drew and chatted, I got all my homework completed - I'm a nerd, I know. But being a nerd is good when it comes to getting homework done and stuff. At dismissal, I was quite happy to go home. Everyone was frustrated about the amount of homework we were getting, when I had it all completed. When I got home, I pulled out the first Harry Potter book and began to read it.

\_Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.\_

Whenever I read, it definitely makes me feel better about anything

that happened to me during the day. I read several chapters of Harry Potter and then went to bed.

I once again walked to school, this time a bit quicker than usual. When I arrived, I decided I should by a school sweatshirt. I got a read one with the school mascot, a griffon. It was really warm, but I didn't really need to wear it during September. So I went to class, mathematics was first. My math teacher, Mr. Kon, always waved to me and smiled. I think he favored me because of how quickly and correctly I could do mathematical problems. I never got a math problem incorrect in Mr. Kon's mathematics class, so I'm basically the class prodigy. My classmates have always been jealous of that, and they think I take pills. But I don't, I just always had to figure stuff out on my own. I can very confidently and accurately say I've read over one hundred thousand books and counting. After mathematics was language arts, my least favorite class because I always finished \*\*hours \*\*before anyone else, and it was super boring. My phone is always dead by that time if I leave it turned on, and if I leave it off and turn it on, it will make noise. So I sit and read. I end up finishing multiple books and just sitting with my head down.

My teachers and classmates envy me. I apparently have the best grades in my entire school. Sometimes I wonder why I'm so smart. I never had anybody to teach me anything. Like I said a billion times, my dad left me, and my mom is just the woman I was never able to meet. I don't even know if she was married to my father. I'm a self-taught boy, I learn from experiences.

However, there's always somebody that dislikes you, no matter who you are. Even people dislike Hiro Mashima. It's not because of their personality most of the time. Just because people are jealous. That's how it went for me up until I began middle school. I never really minded, because I've always known that I was more mature than everyone that called me a show-off, a jerk, a runt, a nerd, a sociopath, schizopathic, and stuff like that. It never mattered to me, because I always knew people were only jealous. I used to cut myself like crazy, sometimes scraping bones or carving depressing words into my arms. People made fun of me for that as well. Kids are cruel and heartless jerks, I tell you.

Then sixth grade came. My roll flipped around completely. Yes, I was still smart. But I wasn't a runt or nerd anymore - I was one of the most popular kids in the school. I've always been really tall. As of right now, I'm a good six feet and two inches. In sixth grade, I was about five feet and six inches. I'm done growing though, which is good because I honestly think I'm tall enough. Anyway, I had good looks, good height, extremely strong, and smart. However, I hated being popular. I was never popular before, and people seemed to be stalking me. Almost all the girls liked me, everyone was getting my haircut, and people were actually paying other people to get my cell phone number!

Seventh grade is when my popularity began to increase even more. Mathematics and science were getting harder. Everyone was always at my huge house, which consists of my living room, kitchen, dining room, library, and a few bedrooms. I live there myself. The rent is kind of small, a couple hundred dollars a year.

Eighth grade was crazy. Everyone was trying out for Magnolia Hall. And everyone wanted me to help them study. But I politely declined to

every request, as I needed to make it into the school myself. My best friend Gray is the only person I helped. Unfortunately, he didn't make it into the school, but he and I still keep in touch through texts, and he spends the night sometimes.

The next day at school is when I learned a little bit more about Lucy than I knew just a couple days ago...

End  
file.